

The Historie

Prin. What saist thou, mistress quickly? how doeth
band? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fals. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou, Iacke?

Fals. The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras,
and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they
picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, Iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of for-
re pound a piece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penie matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say
so: & my lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd
man, as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fals. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor
no more truth in thee, then in a drawn foxe, and for woman-
hood, maid mariö may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee.
Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fals. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Host. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst
know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knight hood
aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say o-
therwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fals. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prince. An Otter, sir Iohn? why an Otter?

Fals. Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not
where to haue her.

Host. Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man
knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most
grossely.

Host. So he doeth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day, You

of Henry t

queth him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, do I owe you a

Fals. A thousand pound, Ha
million: thou owest me thy loue

Host. Nay, my Lord, he cald y
cudgel you.

Fals. Did I, Bardol?

Bar. Indeed, sir Iohn, you sa

Fals. Yea, if he said my ring

Prin. I say 'tis copper: darest t

Fals. Why, Hal? Thou kno

but as thou art prince, I feare t

Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Ly

Fal. The king himselfe is to

thinke ile feare thee, as I feare t

God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how

knees: but sirra, there's no roo

in this bosome of thine. It is all

Charge an honest woman with

horelon impudent imbostrasc

pocket, but tauerne reckoning

les, and one poore peniworth

long winded: if thy pocket we

but these, I am a villaine; and y

pocket vp wrong: art thou not

Fal. Dost thou heare, Hal? t

cencie Adam fell, & what shou

dayes of villanie: thou seest I ha

& therefore more frailty. You

Prin. It appeares so by the

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive the

thy husband, looke to thy ser

halt find me tractable to any l

cified still: nay, prethee be gon

Now, Hal, to the newes at cour

answered?